

MOTHER [4] BOMBIE.

As it was fundrie times
plaied by the Children of Powles.



LONDON

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A Pleasant conceited

Comincedie, called
Mother Bombie.

Actus primus. Scenaprima.

Memphio. Dromio.

Memphio.



O Y, there ar three things that
make my life miserable, a threed
bare purse, a curst wife, and a
foole to my heire.

Dromio. Why then sir, there
are three medicines, for these
three maladies: a pike staffe to
take a purse on the high way: a holly wand to brust cholar
from my mistresse tongue: and a yong wench for my yong
maister: so that as your worship being wise, begot a foole:
so he being a foole, may tread out a wise man.

Memp. I but *Dromio*, these medicines bite hot on great
mischiefs, for so might I haue a rope about my neck, horns
vpon my head, and in my house a litter of fooles.

Dro. Then sir you hadde best let some wise man sit on
your sonne, to hatch him a good wit: they say, if Rauens
sit on hens eggs, the chichens will be blacke and so forth.

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Memph. Why boy, my sonne is out of the shell, and is growne a prettie cocke.

Drom. Carue him maister and make him a capon, else al your breede will prooue cockes comes.

Memph. I maruell he is such an asse, he takes it not of his father.

Dro. He may for any thing you know.

Mem. Why villain, dost thou think me a foole?

Dro. O no sir, neither are you sure that you are his father.

Memph. Rascall, dost thou imagine thy mistresse naught of her body?

Dro. No, but fantasticall of her minde, and it may bee, when this boy was begotten she thought of a foole, and so conceiued a foole, your selfe being very wise, and she surpassing honest.

Mem. It may be, for I haue heard of an Aethiopian, that thinking of a faire picture, brought forth a faire Lady, and yet no bastard.

Drom. You are well read sir, your sonne may be a bastard and yet legitimate, your selfe a cuckold, and yet my mistres vertuous, all this in conceit.

Mem. Come *Dromio*, it is my greeke to haue such a sonne that must inherit my lands.

Dro. He needs not sir, Ile beg him for a foole.

Mem. Vile boy, thy yong maister?

Dro. Let me haue in a deuise.

Mem. Ile haue thy aduice, and if it fadge, thou shalt eate, thou shalt sweate, play till thou sleepe, and sleepe till thy bones ake.

Dro. I marrie, now you tickle me, I am both hungrie, gamesome, and sleepeie, and all at once, Ile break this head against the wall, but Ile make it bleed good maner.

Mem.

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Mem. Then this it is, thou knowest I haue but one son,
and he is a foole.

Dro. A monstrous foole.

Memp. A wife and she an arrand scolde.

Dro. Ah' maister I smell your deuice, it will be excellent.

Mem. Thou canst not know it till I tell it.

Dro. I see it through your braines, your haire is so thin,
and your scull so transparant, I may sooner see it then heare
it.

Mem. Then boy hast thou a quicke wit, and I a slowe
tongue, but what ist?

Dro. Marrie either you would haue your wifes tongue
in your sons head, that he might be a prating foole, or his
braines in her brain pan, that she might be a foolish scold.

Mem. Thou dreamst *Dromio*, ther is no such matter, thou
knowest I haue kept him close, so that my neighbors think
him to be wise, and her to be temperate, because they neuer
heard them speake.

Dro. Well.

Mem. Thou knowest that *Stellio* hath a good farm and a
faire daughter, yea so faire that she is mew'd vp, and onely
looketh out at the windowes, leaft she should by some rois-
ting courtier be stolen away.

Dro. So sir.

Mem. Now if I could compasse a match between my son
and *Stellios* daughter, by conference of vs parents, & with-
out theirs, I should be blessed, he coo'sned, and thou fore-
uer fet at libertie.

Dro. A singular conceit.

Mem. Thus much for my son, now for my wife, I wold
haue this kept from her, else shall I not be able to keepe my
house from smoake; for let it come to one of her eares, and

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then two to both mine: I would haue her goe to my house into the countrie whilest we concludethis: and this once done, I care not if her tonge neuer haue done: these if thou canst effect, thou shalt make thy maister happie.

Dro. I thinke it done, this noddle shall coyne such new deuice as you shall haue your son married by to morrow.

Mem. But take heed, that neither the father nor the maide speake to my son, for then his folly will marre all.

Dro. Lay all the care on mee, *Subleuabo te onere*, I will rid you of a foole.

Mem. Wilt thou rid me for a foole?

Dro. Tush quarrell not.

Mem. The for the dowrie, let it be at least two hundreth ducars, and after his death the farme.

Dro. What else?

Mem. Then let vs in, that I may furnish thee with some better counsell, and my son with better apparell.

Dro. Let me alone, I lacke but a wagge more to make of my counsell, and then you shall see an exquisite coosnage, and the father more foole then the son. But heare you sir, I forgot onething.

Mem. Whats that?

Dro. Nay, *Expell as furca licet vsque recurret*.

Mem. Whats the meaning?

Dro. Why though your sons folly be thrust vp with a paire of hornes on a forke, yet beeing naturall, it will haue his course.

Mem. I pray thee no no more, but about it.

Exeant.

Act. 2.

Sc. 2.

Stellio.

Riscio.

Stel. Riscio, my daughter is passing amiable, but verie simple.

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Ri. You meane a foole fir.

Stel. Faith I implie so much.

Ri. Then I applie it fir : the one shee takes of her father, the other of her mother: now you may be sure she is your owne.

Stel. I haue penned her vp in a chamber, hauing onely a window to looke out, that youths seeing her faire cheekes, may be enamored before they heare her fond speech. How likest thou this head?

Ri. There is verie good workemanship in it, but the matter is but base, if the stuffe had been as good as the mould, your daughter had bin as wise as she is bewtifull.

Stel. Doest thou thinke shee tooke her foolishnesse of mee?

Ri. I, and so cunningly, that shee tooke it not from you.

Stel. Well, *Quod natura dedit tollere nemo potest.*

Ri. A good euident to prooue the fee-simple of your daughters follie.

Stel. Why?

Ri. It came by nature, and if none can take it away, it is perpetuall.

Stel. Nay *Riscio*, she is no naturall foole, but in this consisteth her simplicitie, that she thinketh her selfe subtile in this her rudenesse, that she imagins she is courtlie: in this the ouershooting of her selfe, that she ouerweeneth of her selfe.

Ri. Well, what followes?

Stel. *Riscio*, this is my plot, *Memphio* hath a pretie stripling to his sonne, whom with cookeyng he hath made wanton, his girdle must be warmed, the aire must not breath on him, he must lie a bed till noone, and yet in his bed break his fast: that which I do to conceale the follie of my daughter, that doth

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doth hee in too much cockering of his sonne. Now *Risco*, how shall I compasse a match betweene my girle and his boy?

Ri. Why with a paire of compasses, and bring them both into the circle, Ile warrant the'ill match themselves.

Stel. Tush, plot it for me, that neuer speaking one to another, they be in loue one with another: I like not solemne wooing, it is for courtiers, let countrie folkes belecue others reports as much as their owne opinions.

Ri. O then, so it be a match you care not.

Stel. Not I, nor for a match neither, were it not I thirst after my neighbors farme.

Ri. A very good nature. Well if by flat wit I bring this to passe, whats my reward?

Stel. Whatsoeuer thou wilt aske.

Ri. Ile aske no more then by my wit I can get in the bargain.

Stel. Then about it.

Exit.

Ri. If I come not about you neuer trust me, Ile seeke out *Romis*, the councellor of my conceit.

Act. 1.

Sc. 3.

Prisus.

Sperantus.

Pris. It is vnnighbourly done to suffer your sonne since he came from schoole, to spend his time in loue, and vnwiselie done to let him houer ouer my daughter, who hath nothing to her dowrie but her needle, & must prooue a sempster, nor he any thing to take too but a grammer, and cannot at the best be but a schoolemaister.

Spe. Prisus, you bite and whine, wring me on the withers, and yet winch your selfe, it is you that goe about to match your girle with my boy, she being more fit for seames then for marriage, and he for a rod then a wife.

Pri. Her

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Pri. Her birth requires a better bridegroom than such a groom.

Spe. And his bringing up another gates marriage than such a minion.

Pri. Marie gup, I am sure he hath no better bread than is made of wheat, nor worne finer cloth than is made of wol, nor learned better manners than are taught in schooles.

Spe. Nor you minxe had no better Grandfather than a Tailor, who (as I haue heard) was poore and proude: nor a better father then your selfe, vnlesse your wife borrowed a better, to make your daughter a Gentlewoman.

Pri. Twit not me with my ancestors, nor my wiues honestie, for if thou doest.

Spe. Hold thy hands still thou hadst best, and yet it is impossible now I remember, for thou hast the palsie.

Pri. My hands shake so, that wert thou in place where, I would teach thee to cog.

Spe. Nay if thou shake thy hands, I warrant thou canst not teach anie to cog. But neighbour, let not two olde fooles fall out for two young wantons.

Pri. Indeed it becommeth men of our experience to reason, not raile: to debate the matter, not to combat it.

Spe. VVell, then this Ile tell thee friendly, I haue almost these two yeares cast in my head, how I might match my priuecockes with *Stellios* daughter, whom I haue heard to be very faire, and know shall be verie rich, she is his heire. he doates, he is stooping olde, and shortly must die, yet by no meanes, either by blessing or cursing can I winne my sonne to be a woer, which I know proceeds not of bashfulnesse, but stubbornnesse, for he knows his good though I saie it, he hath wit at will: as for his personage, I care not who sees him, I can tell you hee is able to make a Ladies

B

mouth

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mouth water if she winke not.

Pri. Stay *Sperantus*, this is like my case, for I haue beene tampering as long to haue a marriage committed between my wench and *Memphios* onely son, they say he is as goodly a youth as one shall see in a Summers day, and as neate a stripling as euer went on neates leather, his father will not let him be forth of his sight, he is so tender ouer him, hee yet lies with his mother for catching colde. Now my pretie else, as proude as the day is long, she will none of him, she forsooth will choose her owne husband, made marriages prooue made marriages, shee will choose with her eye, and like with her heart, before shee consent with her tongue, neither father nor mother, kith nor kin shall be her caruer in a husband, she will fall too where she likes best, and thus the chicke scarce out of the shel, cackles as thogh she had beene troden with an hundreth cockes, and mother of a thousand egges.

Spe. well: then, this is our best, seeing we know each others minde, to deuise to gouerne our owne children, for my boy, Ile keepe to his bookes, and studie shal make him leaue to loue, Ile breake him of his will, or his bones with a cudgell.

Pri. And Ile no more dandle my daughter, she shal prick on a clout till her fingers ake, or Ile cause her leaue to make my heart ake. But in good time, though with ill lucke, behold if they bee not both together, let vs stand close and heare all, so shall we preuent all.

Enter Candius and Liua.

Spe. This happens pat, take heede you cough not *Prius.*

Pri. Tush, spit not you, and Ile warrant I, my beard is as good as a handkercheffe.

Lia. Sweet

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Liua. Sweete *Candius*, if thy father should see vs alone, would he not fret? The olde man mee thinkes should bee full of fumes.

Can. Tush, let him fret one heart string against another, he shall neuer trouble the least vaine of my litle finger, the olde churle thinkes none wise, vnlesse hee haue a beard hang dangling to his waist, when my face is bedawbed with haire as his, then perchance my conceit may stumble on his staiednesse.

Pri. I, in what booke read you that lesson?

Lpe. I know not in what booke he read it, but I am sure he was a knaue to learne it.

Can. I belecue faire *Liua*, if your sowe sire should see you with your sweete hart, he would not be verie patient.

Liu. The care is taken, Ile aske him blessing as a father, but neuer take counsell for an husband, there is as much oddes betweene my golden thoughts, and his leaden aduice, as between his silver haire, and my amber lockes, I know hee will cough for anger that I yeelde not, but hee shall cough me a foole for his labour.

Spe. Where pickt your daughter that worke, out of broad stitch?

Pri. Out of a flirts sampler, but let vs stay the end, this is but the beginning, you shal heare two children wel brought vp.

Can. Parents in these daies are growne peeuish, they rocke their children in their cradles till they sleep, & crosse them about their bridalles till their hearts ake. Marriage among them is become a market, what will you give with your daughter? What Ioynter will you make for your son? And many a match is broken off for a pennie more or lesse, as though they could not afford their children at such

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a price, when none should cheapen such ware, but affection, and none buie it but loue.

Spe. Learnedlie and schollerlike.

Liu. Indeed our Parents take great care to make vs aske blessing, and saie grace when we are little ones, and growing to yeares of iudgement, they depriue vs of the greatest blessing, and the most gracious things to our mindes, the libertie of our mindes: they giue vs pap with a spoone before we can speake, and when we speake for that we loue, pap with a hatchet: because their fancies beeing growen mustie with hoarie age, therefore nothing can relish in their thoughts that sauiours of sweet youth: they studie 20. yeares together to make vs grow as straight as a wand, and in the end, by bowing vs, as crooked as a cammocke. For mine owne part (*sweet Candius*) they shall pardon me, for I will measure my loue by mine owne iudgement, not my fathers purse or peeuishnesse. Nature hath made mee his childe, not his slave: I hate *Memphio* and his sonne deadlie, if I wist hee would place his affection by his fathers appointment.

Pri. Wittilie but vnciuillie.

Can. Be of that minde still my faire *Linia*, let our fathers laie their purses together, we our hearts, I will neuer woo where I cannot loue, let *Stellio* enioy his daughter. But what haue you wrought heere?

Liu. Flowers, fowles, beastes, fishes, trees, plants, stones, and what not. Among flowers, cow slops & lillies, for our names *Candius* and *Linia*. Among fowles, Turtles & Sparrowes, for our trueth and desires. Among beastes, the Foxe and the Ermin, for beautie and pollicie. And among fishes, the Cockle and the Tortuse, because of *Venus* among trees: the vine wreathing about the elme, for our embracings.

Among

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Among stones, Abestor, which being hot, will neuer bee colde, for our constancies. Among plants, Time & Hearts-ease, to note, that if wee take time, wee shall ease our hearts.

Pri. Theres a girle that knowes her lerripoope.

Spe. Listen and you shall heare my sonnes learning.

Lin. What booke is that?

Can. A fine pleasant Poet, who intreateth of the Art of Loue, and of the remedie.

Lin. Is there Art in loue?

Can. A short Art and a certaine, three rules in three lines.

Lin. I pray thee repeat them.

Can. *Principio quod amare velis reperire labora,
Proximus huic labor est placidam euorare puellam,
Tertius ut longo tempore ducet amor.*

Lin. I am no Latinist *Candius*, you must conster it.

Can. So I will, and pace it too: thou shalt be acquainted with case, gender, and number. First one must finde out a Mistresse, whom before all others he voweth to serue. Secondlie, that he vse all the meanes that hee may to obtaine her. And the last, with deserts, faith and secrecie, to studie to keepe her.

Lin. Whats the remedie?

Can. Death.

Lin. What of all the booke is the conclusion?

Can. This one verse, *Non caret effertu quod voluere duo.*

Lin. Whats that?

Can. Where two is agreed, it is impossible but they must speed.

Lin. Then cannot we misse: therefore giue me thy hand
Candius.

Pri. Soft *Linia*, take me with you, it is not good in lawe

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without witness.

Spe. And as I remember, there must bee two witnesses, God giue you ioy *Candius*, I was woorth the bidding to dinner, though not worthie to bee of the counsell.

Pri. I thinke this hotte loue haue prouided but colde cheare.

Spe. Tush, in loue is no lacke, but blush not *Candius*, you neede not be ashamed of your cunning, and haue made loue a booke-case, and spent your time well at schoole, learning to loue by art; and hate against nature, but I perceiue the woofer childe, the better louer.

Pri. And my minion hath wrought well, where euerie stitch in her sampler, is a pricking stitch at my heart: you take your pleasure on Parents, they are peeuish, fooles, churles, ouergrown with ignorance, because ouerworn with age: little shalt thou know the case of a father, before thy selfe be a mother, when thou shalt breede thy childe with continuall paines, and with deadly pangs, nurse it with thine owne pappes, and nourish it vp with motherly tendernes, and then finde them to curse thee with their hearts, when they should aske blessing on their knees, and the collops of thine owne bowels to be the torture of thine owne soule, with teares trickling downe thy cheeks, and droppes of blood falling from thy heart, thou wilt in vitering of thy mind, with them rather vnborne, than vn-naturall, and to haue had their cradles their graues, rather than thy death their bridals. But I will not dispute what thou shouldest haue done, but correct what thou haste done: I perceiue sowing is an idle exercise, and that euerie day there comes more thoughts into thine heade, than stitches into thy worke: Ile see whether you can spinne a better mind then you haue stitched, and if I coope you not
vp,

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vp, then let me be the capon.

Spe. As for you sir boy, instead of poaring on a booke, you shall hold the plough, Ile make repentance reap what wantonnesse hath sown: but wee are both well serued, the sonnes must be maisters, the fathers gaffers, what wee get together with a rake, they cast abroad with a forke, and we must wearie our legs to purchase our children armes. Well, seeing that booke is but idldnesse, Ile see whether threshing be any occupation, thy mind shall stoupe to my fortune, or mine shall breake the lawes of nature. How like a micher he stands, as though he had trewented from honestie, get thee in, & for the rest let me alone. In villaine.

Pri. And you pretie minxe, that must be fed with Loue vpon soppes, Ile take an order to cram you with sorrowes: get you in without looke or replie.

Exeunt Candius, Linia.

Spe. Let vs follow, and deale as rigorously with yours, as I will with mine, and you shall see that hotte loue will waxe soone colde: Ile tame the proude boy, and send him as farre from his loue, as he is from his dutie.

Pri. Let vs about it, and also go on with matching them to our mindes, it was happie that wee preuented that by chaunce, which wee could neuer yet suspect by circumstance.

Exeunt.

Act. 2.

Sc. 1.

Dromio.

Risio.

Dro. Now if I could meet with *Risio*, it were a world of waggerie.

Ri. Oh that it were my chance *Obuiam dare Dromio*, to stumble vppon *Dramio*, on whom I doo nothing but dreame.

Dro. His

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Dro. His knauerie and my wit, should make our Maisters that are wise, fooles: their children that are fooles beggers, and vs two that are bond, free.

Ris. He to cosin, and I to coniure, would make such alterations, that our Maisters should serue themselves, the idcots their children serue vs, and wee to wake our wittes betweene them all.

Dro. *Hem quàm opportune*, looke if hee drop not full in my dish.

Ris. *Lupus in fabula*, *Dromio* embrace me, hugge me, I must make thee fortunate.

Dro. *Risio*, honour me, kneele downe to mee, kisse my feete, I must make thee blessed.

Risio. My Maister olde *Stellio* hath a foole to his daughter.

Dro. Nay, my Maister olde *Memphio* hath a foole to his sonne.

Ri. I must conuey a contract.

Dro. And I must conuey a contract.

Ri. Betweene her and *Memphios* sonne, without speaking one to another.

Dro. Betweene him and *Stellios* daughter, without one speaking to the other.

Ri. Doest thou mocke me *Dromio*?

Dro. Thou doest me else.

Ri. Not I, for all this is true.

Dro. And all this.

Ri. Then are we both driuen to our wittes endes, for if either of them had beene wise, we might haue tempered, if no marriage, yet a close marriage.

Dro. Well, let vs sharpen our accounts, theres no better grindstone for a young mans head, than to haue it whet
vpon

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vpon an olde mans purse. Oh thou shalt see my knauerie
shaue like a rasor!

Ri. Thou for the edge, and I the poynt, will make the
foole bestride our Mistresse backes, and then haue at the
bagge with the dudgin hafte, that is, at the dudgendag-
ger, by which hangs his tantonie pouch.

Dromio. These old huddles haue such strong purses
with lockes, when they shut them, they go off like a snap-
hance.

Ris. The olke fashion is best, a purse with a ring round a-
bout it, is a circle to course a knaues hand from it: but *Dro-*
mio, two they saie may keepe counsell if one be away: but
to conuey knauerie, two are too fewe, and foure too ma-
ny.

Dro. And in good time, looke where *Halfepenie Sperantus*
boy commeth, though bound vp in *decimo sexto* for carri-
age, yet a wit in *folio* for coofonage: Single *Halfepenie*, what
newes are now currant?

Enter Halfepenie.

Half. Nothing, but that such double coystrels as you be
are counterfeir.

Ris. Are you so dapper, weele send you for a halfepenie
loafe.

Half. I shall go for siluer though, when you shall bee
nailed vp for slippes.

Dro. Thou art a slip string Ile warrant.

Half. I hope you shall neuer slip string, but hang sted-
die.

Ri. *Dromio* looke heere, now is my hand on my halfepe-
nie.

Half. Thou liest, thou hafte not a farthing to lay thy
thy hands on, I am none of thine: but let me bee wagging.
my

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my head is full of hammers, and they haue so maledred my wit, that I am almost a malcontent.

Dro. Why, whats the matter?

Half. My maister hath a fine schollar to his sonne, *Prisius* a faire lasse to his daughter.

Dro. Well.

Half. They two loue one another deadly.

Ris. In good time.

Half. The fathers haue put them vppe, vtterly disliking the match, and haue appoynted the one shall haue *Memphios* sonne, the other *Stellios* daughter, this workes like waxe, but how it will fadge in the end, the hen that sittes next the cocke cannot tell.

Ris. If thou haue but any spice of knauerie, weele make thee happie.

Half. Tush, doubt not of mine, I am as full for my pitch, as you are for yours, a wrense egge is as full of meate as a goole egge, though there be not so much in it: you shall finde this head well stufte, though there went little stufte to it.

Dro. *Lando ingenium*, I like thy sponce, then harken: *Memphios* made me of his counsel, about marriage of his sonne to *Stellios* daughter, *Stellio* made *Riscio* acquainted to plot a match with *Memphios* sonne. To bee short, they bee both fooles.

Half. But they are not fooles that bee short, if I thought thou meantst so, *Senties qui vir sum*, Thou shouldst haue a crow to pull.

Ri. Be not angrie *Halfepenie*, for fellow ship, we will bee all fooles: and for gaine all knaues. But why doest thou laugh?

Half. At mine owne conceit and quicke censure.

Ri. What

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Ri. Whats the matter?

Half. Suddainly me thought you two were asses, and that the least asse was the more asse.

Ri. Thou art a foole, that cannot be.

Half. Yea, my young maister taught me to prooue it by learning, and so I can out of *Ouid* by a verse.

Ri. Prethie how?

Half. You must first for fashion sake confesse your selues to be asses.

Dro. Well.

Half. Then stand you heere, and you there.

Ri. Go too.

Half. Then this is the verse as I poynt it, *Cummala per longas inualuere moras*. So you see the least asse is the more asse.

Ri. Weele bite for an ape, if thou bob vs like asses. But to end all, if thou wilt ioyn with vs, we will make a match between the two fooles, for that must be our taskes, and thou shalt deuise to couple *Candius* and *Linia*, by over-reaching their fathers.

Half. Let mee alone, *Non enim mea pigra iuuentus*, theres matter in this noddle.

Enter Lucio.

But looke where *Prisus* boy comes, as fit as a pudding for a dogs mouth.

Liu. Pop threeknaues in a sheath, Ile make it a right Tunbridge case, and be the bodkin.

Ri. Nay, the bodkin is heere alreadie, you must be the knife.

Half. I am the bodkin, looke well to your cares, I must boare them.

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Dro. Mew thy tongue, or wee cle cut it out: this I speake representing the person of a knife, as thou didst that in shadow of a bodkin.

Liu. I must be gone. *Talet*, it liketh, *Oportet*, it behoueth my wits to worke like barme, alias yest, alias sizing, alias rising, alias Gods good.

Half. The new wine is in thine head, yet was he faine to take this metaphor from ale, and now you talke of ale, let vs all to the wine.

Dro. Foure makes a messe, and we have a messe of Masters that must be cosoned, let vs lay our heds together, they are married and cannot.

Half. Let vs consult at the Tauerne, where after to the health of *Memphio*, drinke we to the life of *Stellio*, I carouse to *Prisius*, and brinch you mas *Sperantus*, wee shall cast vs our accounts, and discharge our stomackes, like men that can digest any thing.

Lw. I see not yet what you go about.

Dro. *Lucio* that can pearce a mudde wall of twentie foore thicke, would make vs beleue hee cannot see a candle through a paper lanthorne, his knaerie is beyond *Ela*, and yet he saies he knowes not *Gamut*.

Lw. I am readie. if any coosnage bee ripe, Ile shake the tree.

Half. Nay, I hope to see thee so strong, to shake three trees at once.

Dro. We burne time, for I must giue areckning of my daies worke, let vs close to the bush, *ad deliberandum*.

Half. Indeed. *Inter pocula philosophandum*, it is good to plea among pots.

Ri. Thine will bee the woorst, I feare wee shall leaue a halfe penie in hand.

Half. Why

Mother Bombie.

Half. Why, saiest thou that thou hast left a print deeper in thy hand alreadie, then a halfe penie can leaue, vnlesse it should sing woorse than an hot yron.

Lu. All friends, and so let vs sing, tis a pleasant thing to go into the Tauerne, clearing the throat.

Exeunt.

Act. 2.

Sc. 2

Enter Memphio alone.

Mem. I maruell I heare no newes of *Dromio*, either hee slackes the matter, or betraies his Maister, I dare not motion aniething to *Stellio*, till I know what my boy hath don, Ile hunt him out, if the loiterlacke be gone springing into a Tauerne, Ile fetch him reeling out.

Exeunt.

Enter Stellio alone.

Stel. Without doubt *Risio* hath gone beyond himselfe, in casting beyond the moone, I feare the boy bee run madde with studying, for I know hee loued mee so well, that for my fauour he will venture to runne out of his wittes, and it may be, to quicken his inuention, he is gone into this luy bush, a notable nest for a grape owle, He firret him out, yet in the end vse him friendly, I cannot be merrie till I heare whats done in the marriages.

Exit.

Enter Priscus alone.

Pri. I thinke *Lucio* be gone a squirelling, but Ile squirell him for it, I sent him on my arrand, but I must go for an answer my selfe, I haue tied vpper the louing worme my daughter, and will see whether fancie can worme fancie out of her head: this greene nosegay I feare my boy hath smelt too, for if he get but a penny in his purse, he turnes it so suddainely into *Argentum porabile*, I must search euery place for him, for I stand on thornes till I heare what hee

Mother Bombie.

hath done.

Exit.

Enter Sperantus alone.

Spe. Well, bee as bee may is no banning, I thinke I haue charme my yong Maister, a hungrie meale, a ragged coat, and a drie cudgell, haue put him quite beside his loue and his lodgicke too: besides pigsnie is put vp, and therefore now Ile let him take the aire, and follow *Stellios* daughter with all his learning, if he meane to bee my heire, the boy hath wit sance measure, more then needs, cattles meate and dogges meat inough for the vantage. Well, without *Halfpenie* all my witte is not woorth a dodkin, that mite is miching in this groue, for as long as his name is *Halfpenie*, he will be banquetting, for thother *Halfpenie*.

Exit.

Act. 2.

Sc. 3.

Candius.

Silena.

Can. He must needs go that the deuill driues, a father, a fiend, that seekes to place affection by appointment, and to force loue by compulsion, I haue sworne to woo *Sylena*, but it shall bee so coldly, that she take as small delight in my words, as I do contentment in his commaundement: Ile teach him one schoole tricke in loue. But behold, who is that that commeth out of *Stellios* house? it should seeme to be *Silena* by her attire.

Enter Silena.

By her face I am sure it is she, oh faire face, oh louely countenance. How now *Candius*, if thou begin to slip at beautie on a suddaine, thou wilt surfet with carousing it at the last. Remember that *Linia* is faithfull, I, and let thine eyes witnesse *Silena* is amiable, heere shall I please my father and my selfe, I will learne to be obedient, and come what will, Ile make away, if shee seeme coy, Ile practise all the Art of
loue,

Mother Bombie.

loue, if I her cunning, all the pleasures of loue.

Sil. My name is *Silena*, I care not who knowe it, so I doo not: my father keepes me close, so he does, and now I haue stolne out, so I haue, to go to olde *Bombie* to know my fortune, so I will, for I haue as faire a face as euer trode on shoo sole, and as free a foote as euer lookt with two eyes.

Can. What, I thinke she is lunatike or foolish? Thou art a foole *Candius*, so fair a face cannot be the scabbard of a foolish minde, madde she may bee, for comonly in beaurie so rare, there falles passions extream, loue and beaurie disdain a meane, not therefore because beaurie is no vertue, but because it is happinesse, & we schollers know that vertue is not to bee praised, but honoured. I will put on my best grace, sweet wench, thy face is louely, thy body comely, and all that the eyes can see inchanting, you see how vnacquainted I am bold to boord you.

Sil. My father boords me alreadie, therefore I care not if your name were *Geoffrey*.

Can. Shee raues or ouer-reaches. I am one sweete soule that loues you, broght hither by report of your beaurie, and here languisheth with your rarenesse.

Si. I thanke you that you would call.

Can. I will alwaies call on such a Saint that hath power to release my sorrowes, yeeld faire creature to loue.

Sil. I am none of that sect.

Candius. Thy louing sect is an auncient sect, and an honourable, and therefore should bee in a person so perfect.

Sil. Much.

Can. I

Mother Bombie.

Can. I loue thee much, giue mee one word of comfort.

Sil. I faith sir no, and so tell your Maister.

Can. I haue no Maister, but come to make choise of a Mistresse.

Sil. A ha, are you there with your beares.

Can. Doubtlesse she is an idiot of the newest cut, Ile once more trie her. I haue loued thee long *Silena*.

Si. In your tother hose.

Can. Too simple to be naturall: too senselesse to be artificiall. You saide you went to knowe your fortune, I am a scholler, and am cunning in palmistrie.

Sil. The better for you sir, heeres my hand, whats a clocke?

Can. The line of life is good, *Venus* mount verie perfect, you shall haue a scholler to your first busband.

Si. You are well seene in cranes durt, your father was a Poulter, ha, ha, ha.

Can. Why laugh you?

Si. Because you should see my teeth.

Can. Alas poore wretch, I see now also thy follie, a faire foole is like a fresh weed, pleasing leaves, and sowre iuyce. I will not yet leaue her, she may dissemble. I cannot chuse but loue thee.

Si. I had thought to aske you.

Can. Nay then farewell, either too proude to accept, or too simple to vnderstand.

Si. You neede not bee so crustie, you are not so harde backt.

Can. Now I perceiue thy follie, who hath rackt together all the odde blinde phrases, that helpe them that know not how to discourse, but when they cannot aunswere wiselie, either

Mother Bombie.

either with gybing couer their rudenesse, or by some new coyned buy word bewraie their peeuishnesse, I am glad of this, now shall I haue colour to refuse the match, and my father reason to accept of *Livia*: I will home, and repeat to my father our wise encounter, and he shall perceiue there is nothing so fullsome as a she foole.

Exit.

Liv. Good God, I thinke Gentlemen had neuer lesse wit in a yeare. We maides are mad wenches, we gird them and flout them out of all scotch and notch, and they cannot see it, I will know of the old woman whether I be a maide or no, and then, if I bee not, I must needs be a man. God bee here.

Enter mother Bombie.

Bom. Whose there?

Sil. One that would be a maide.

Bom. If thou be not, it is impossible thou should be, and a shame thou art not.

Sil. They say you are a witch.

Bom. They lie, I am a cunning woman.

Sil. Then tell me something.

Bom. Hold vp thy hand, not so high, thy father knowes thee not, thy mother bare thee not, falselie bred, truelie begot: choise of two husbandes, but neuer tied in bands, because of loue and naturall bonds.

Si. I thanke you for nothing, because I vnderstand nothing: though you be as olde as you are, yet am I as yong as I am, and because that I am so faire, therefore are you so foule, and so farewell frost, my fortune naught mee & ft.

Exit.

Bom. Farewell faire foole, little doe st thou knowe thy hard fortune, but in the end thou shalt, and that must be-

D

wraie

Mother Bombie.

wraiewhat none can discover, in the meane season I will
professe cunning for all commers. *Exit.*

Act. 2.

Sce. 4.

Dromio. Risco. Lucio. Halfeperie.

Dro. We are all taken rardie.

Ris. Our Maisters will be ouertaken if they tarrie.

Half. Now must euerie one by wit make an excuse, and
euerie excuse must be colonage.

Lu. Let vs remember our complot.

Dro. We will all plod on that, oh the wine hath turnde
my wit to vineger.

Ri. You meanet is sharpe.

Halfe. Sharpe: Ile warrant t'will serue for as good sauce
to knauerie as.

Lu. As what?

Half. As thy knauerie meate for his wit.

Drom. Wee must all giue a reckning for our daies tra-
uell.

Ri. Tush, I am glad wee scapt the reckoning for our li-
quor. If you be examined how we met, sweare by chance,
for so they met, and therefore will belecue it: if how much
we drunke, let them answer themselves, they know best
because they paid it.

Half. Wee must not tarrie, *abundum est mihi*, I must goe
and cast this matter in a corner.

Ipse sequam, a bowle, and Ile come after with a broome,
euerie one remember his que.

Ris. I and his K. or else we shall thrive ill.

Half. When shall wee meet?

Ri. To morrow fresh and fasting.

Dro. Fast eating our meate, for wee haue drunke for to
morrow, and to morrow we must eate for to day.

Half. Away,

Mother Bombie.

Half. Away, away, if ou maisters take vs heere, the matter is mard.

Lu. Let vs euerie one to his taske.

Exeunt.

Act. 2

Sc. 5.

Memphio. Stellia. Prifius. Sperantus.

Mem. How quickly we met on a suddaine in a tauerne, that drunke not together almost these thirtie yeares.

Stel. A Tauerne is the Randeuous, the Exchange, the staple for good fellowes: I haue heard my great Grandfather tell how his great Grandfather should say, that it was an old prouerbe, when his great Grandfather was a child, that it was a good wind that blew a man to the wine.

Pri. The olde time was a good time, ale was an auncient drinke, and accounted of our auncestors autenticall, Gascone wine was liquor for a Lord. Sacke, a medicine for the sicke: and I may tell you, he that had a cup of red wine to his oysters, was hoisted in the Queens subsidie booke.

Spe. I but now you see to what loosenesse this age is growne, our boyes carouse sacke like dubble beere, and saith, that which doth an olde man good, can do a young man no harme: olde men (saie they) eate pap, why should not yong men drinke sacke, their white heads haue counted time out of minde our yong yeares.

Mem. Well, the world is wanton since I knewe it first, our boies put as much wine in their bellies in an houre, as would cloath their whole bodies in a yeare: and as I haue heard, it was as much as bought *Rufus*, some time king of this land, a paire of hose.

Pri. Ist possible?

Stel. Nay tis true, they say ale is out of request, tis hogs porredge,

Mother Bombie.

porridge, broath for beggers, a caudle for Constables,
watchmens mouth glew, the better it is, the more like
bird lime it is, and neuer makes one staied but in the stocks.

Memph. Ile teach my wag-halter to know grapes from
barley.

Pri. And I mine, to discerne a spigot from a faucet.

Spe. And I mine, to indge the difference betweene a
blacke boule and a silver goblet.

Stel. And mine shall learne the oddes betweene a stand
and a hogs head, yet I cannot chuse but laugh to see how
my wag answered me, when I strooke him for drinking
lacke.

Pri. Why what said he?

Stel. Maister, it is the soueraigntest drinke in the world,
and the safest for all times & weathers, if it thunder, thogh
all the ale and beere in the towne turne, it will be constant,
if it lighten, and that any fire come to it, it is the aptest wine
to burne, and the most wholesomest when it is burnt. So
much for Summer. If it freeze, why it is so hot in operati-
on, that no Ice can congeale it: if it raine, why then he that
cannot abide the heate of it, may put in water. So much
for winter. And so ranne his way, but Ile ouertake him.

Spe. Who would thinke that my hoppe on my thumbe,
Halfepenie, scarce so high as a pinte pot, would reason the
matter, but he learnde his leere of my sonne, his young
Maister, whom I haue brought vpat *Oxford*, and I thinke
must learne here in *Kent of Ashford*.

Memph. Why what said he?

Spe. He boldly rapt it out, *Sine Cere & Baccho friget Venus*,
without wine and sugar his veins would waxe colde.

Memph. They were all in a pleasant vaine, but I must be
gone, and take account of my boyes businesse, farewell
neigh-

Mother Bombie.

neighbours, God knowes when wee shall meete againe,
yet I haue discovered nothing, my wine hath beene my
wittes friend, I long to heare what *Dramio* hath done.

Exit.

Stel. I cannot staie, but this good fellow shippe shall cost
me the setting on at our next meeting, I am glad I blabde
nothing of the mariage, now I hope to compasse it, I know
my boy hath beene bungling about it.

Exit.

Pri. let vs all go, for I must to my cloaths that hang on the
renters, my boy shall hang with them, if hee answere mee
not his daies worke.

Exit.

Spe. If all be gone, Ile not staie, *Palspenie* I am sure hath
done me a pennie woorth of good, else Ile spend his body
in buying a rod.

Exit.

Act. 3.

Sce. 1.

Mastius Serena.

Mast. Sweete sister, I knowe not how it commeth to
passe, but I finde in my selfe pactions more than brother-
ly.

Ser. And I deare brother finde my thoughts intangled
with affections beyond nature, which so flame into my
distempered head, that I can neither without danger smo-
ther the fire, nor without modestie disclose my furie.

Mast. Our Parents are poore, our loue vnnaturall, what
can then happen to make vs happie?

Ser. Onely to be content with our fathers meane estate,
to combat against our owne intemperate desires, and yeeld
to the successe of fortune, who though she hath framde vs
miserable, cannot make vs monstrous.

D 3

Mast. I

Mother Bombie.

Mast. It is good counsell faire sister, if the necessitie of loue could be releued by counsell, yet this is our comfort, that these vnnaturall heates haue stretched themselves no further than thoughts, vnhappy me that they should stretch so.

Mast. So it is *Serena*, the nearer wee are in blood, the further we must be from loue, & the greater the kindred is, the lesse the kindnesse must bee, so that betweene brothers and sisters, superstition hath made affection cold, betweene strangers custome hath bred loue exquisit.

Ser. They say there is hard by an olde cunning woman, who can tell fortunes, expound dreames, tell of things that be lost, and diuine of accidents to come, shee is called the good woman, who yet neuer did hurt.

Mast. Nor any good I thinke *Serena*, yet to satisfie thy minde, wee will see what she can say.

Ser. Good brother let vs.

Mast. Who is within?

Enter mother Bombie.

Bom. The Dame of the house.

Mast. She might haue said the beldam, for her face and yeares, and attire.

Ser. Good mother tell vs, if by your cunning you can, what shall become of my brother and me?

Bom. Let me see your hands, and looke on me stedfastly with your eyes. You shall bee married to morrow hand in hand, by the lawes of God, nature, and the land, your parents shall be glad, and giue you their land, you shall each of you displace a foole, and both together must releue a foole. If this be not true, then call me olde foole.

Mast. This is my sister, marrie wee cannot: our Parents
are

Mother Bombie.

are poore, & haue no land to giue vs: each of vs is a fool, to come for counsell to such an olde foole.

Ser. These doggrell rimes and obscure words, comming out of the mouth of such a weather-beaten witch, are thought diuinations of some holy spirit, being but dreams of decayed braines: for mine owne part, I would thou mightest sit on that stoole, till he and I marrie by lawe.

Bom. I say, mother *Bombie* neuer speakes but once, and yet neuer spake vntueth once.

Ser. Come brother, let vs to our poore home, this is our comfort, to bewraie our passions, since wee cannot enioy them.

Mast. Content sweete sister, and learne of me hereafter, that these olde sawes of such olde hags, are but false fires to leade one out of a plaine path into a deepe pit.

Exeunt.

Act. 3.

Sc. 3:

Dromio. Rasio. Halsepenie. Lucio.

Dro. *Ingenium quondam fuerat pretiosius auro*, the time was, wherein wit would worke like waxe, and crock vp golde like honnie.

Ri. *At nunc barbarie est grandis habere nihil*, but now witte and honestie buy nothing in the market.

Dro. What *Rasio*, how spedst thou after thy potting?

Ri. Nay, my maister roong al in the tauern, and thrust al out in the house. But how spedst thou?

Dro. I, it were a daies worke to discourse it, he spake nothing but sentences, but they were vengible long ones, for when one word was out, he made pause of a quarter long, till he spake another.

Ri. Why what did he in all that time?

Dro. Breake

Mother Bombie.

Dro. Breake interiections like winde, as cho, ho, to.

Ri. And what thou?

Drom. Answer him in his owne language, as *euax vah, bui.*

Ri. These were coniunctions rather than interiections. But what of the plot?

Dro. As we concluded, I tolde him that we vnderstood that *Silena* was verie wise, & could sing exceedingly, that my deuise was, seeing *Accius* his sonne a proper youth, and could also sing sweetely, that hee should come in the nick when shee was singing, and answer her.

Ri. Excellent.

Dro. Then he asked how it should be deuised that shee might come abroad, I tolde that was cast alreadie by my meanes, then the song beeing ended, and they seeing one another, noting the apparrell, and thanking the personages, hee should call in his sonne for feare he should ouerreach his speech.

Ri. Verie good.

Dro. The? that I had gotten a young Gentleman, that resembled his sonne in years and fauour, that hauing *Accius* apparrell should court *Silena*, whom she finding wise, would after that by small intreatie be wonne without my words, and so the marriage clapt vp by this cosonage, and his sonne neuer speake word for himselfe.

Ri. Thou boy, so haue I done in euerie poynt, for the song, & calling her in, & the hoping that another shal woo *Accius*, and his daughter wed him, I tolde him this wooing should be to night, and they early married in the morning, without any wordes sauing to say after the Priest.

Dro. All this fodesges well, now if *Halfepenie* & *Lucio* haue playde their parts, we shall haue excellent sport, and heere they

Mother Bombie.

they come. How wrought the wine my laddes?

Enter Halfpenie, Lucio.

Half. How? like wine, for my bodie being the rundler, and my mouth the vent, it wrought two daies ouer, till I had thought the hoopes of my head would haue flowen asunder.

Lu. The best was, our maisters were as well whittled as wee, for yet they lie by it.

Ri. The better for vs, wee did but a little parboile our liuers, they haue sod theirs in sacke these fortie yeares.

Hal. That makes them spit white broath as they do. But to the purpose. *Candius* and *Linia* will send their attires, you must send the apparrell of *Accius* and *Silena*, they wonder wherefore, but commit the matter to our quadrapertit wit.

Lu. If you keepe promise to marie them by your deuise, and your Parents consent, you shall haue tenne pounds a peece for your paines.

Dro. If we do it not we are vndone, for we haue broacht a coo sonage alreadie, and my maister hath the rap in his hand, that it must needes runne out, let them be rulde, and bring hither their apparrell, and wee will determine, the rest commit to our intricate considerations, depart.

Exeunt Halfpenie, Lucio. Enter Accius and Silena.

Dro. Here comes *Accius* tuning his Pipes, I perceiue my Maister keepes touch.

Ri. And here comes *Silena* with her wit of prooffe, marie it wil scarce hold our question shot, let vs into instruct our maisters in the que.

Dra. Come let vs bee iogging, but wert not a world to heare them woe one another.

Ri. That shall bee heereafter to make vs sport, but our maisters shall neuer knowe it.

Exeunt.

E

Memphio.

Mother Bombie.

Memphio and Stellio singing.

Act. 3.

Sc. 3.

Memphio and Stellio.

Mem. Accius come in, and that quickly, what walking without leaue?

Stel. Silena, I pray you looke homeward, it is a cold aire, and you want a mufier.

Exeunt Accius and Silena.

Mem. This is pat, if the rest proceed, *Stellio* is like to marrie his daughter to a foole, but a bargaine is a bargaine.

Stel. This frames to my wish, *Memphio* is like to marrie a foole to his sonne, *Accius* tongue shall tie all *Memphios* land to *Silenas* dowrie, let his fathers teeth vndo them if he can: but heere I see *Memphio*. I must seem kinde, for in kinde-nesse lies coofnage.

Mem. Well, here is *Stellio*, I letalke of other matters, and flie from the marke I shoot at, lapwing-like flying far from the place where I nestle. *Stellio*, what make you abroad? I heard you were sicke since our last drinking.

Stel. You see reports are no truelys, I heard the like of you, and wee are both well. I perceiue sober men tell most likes, for in *vino veritas*, If they had drunke wine, they would haue toide the truely.

Mem. Our boies wil be sure then neuer to lie, for they are euer swilling of wine: but *Stellio* I must straine curfie with you, I haue businesse I cannot stay.

Stel. In good time *Memphio*, for I was about to craue your patience to depart, it stands me vppon. Perhaps mooue his patience ere it be long.

Mem. Good sillie *Stellio*, we must buckle shortlie.

Exeunt.

Act. 3.

Sc. 4.

Halfepenie,

Mother Bombie.

Halfeenie. Lucio. Rixula. Dromio. Rasio.

Luc. Come *Rixula*, wee haue made thee priue to our whole packe, there laie downe the packe.

Rix. I belecue vnlesse it bee better handled, we shall out of doores.

Half. I care not, *Omnes solum forti patria*, I can liue in Christendome as well as in *Kent*.

Lu. And Ile sing *Patria ubicunque bene*, euerie house is my home, where I may stanch hunger.

Rix. Nay if you set all on hazard, though I bee a poore wench, I am as hardie as you both, I cannon speake Latin, but in plain English, if any thing fall out crosse, Ile runne away.

Half. He loues thee well that would runne after.

Rix. Why Halfeenie, theres no goose so gray in the lake, that cannot finde a gander for her make.

Lu. I loue a nutbrown lasse, tis good to recreate.

Half. Thou meanest, a browne nut is good to cracke.

Lu. Why would it not do thee good to crack such a nut?

Half. I feare she is worme-eaten within, she is so moth-eaten without.

Rix. If you take your pleasure of me, Ile in and tell your practises against your Maisters.

Half. In faith soure hart, he that takes his pleasure on thee, is verie pleasurable.

Rix. You meane knauishly, and yet I hope foule water wil quench hot fire as soone as faire.

Half. Wel then, let faire words coole that cholar, which foule words hath kindled, and because we are al in this case, and hope all to haue good fortune, sing a roundelay, and weele helpe, such as thou wast wont when thou beatest hempe.

Mother Bombie.

Lu. It was crabs she stamptr, and stole away one to make her a face.

Rix. I agree, in hope that the hempe shall come to your wearing, a halfe penie halter may hang you both, that is, Halfe penie and you may hang in a halter.

Half. Well brought about.

Rix. I will when tis about your neck.

Lu. Nay, now shees in, she will neuer out.

Rix. Nor when your heades are in, as it is likely, they should not come out. But harken to my song, *Cantant.*

Enter Dromio, Rosio.

Dro. Yonder stands the wags, I am come in good time.

Ri. All heere before me, you make haft.

Rix. I beleue to hanging, for I thinke you haue al robd your maisters, heeres euerie man his baggage.

Half. That is, wee are all with thee, for thou art a very baggage.

Rix. Hold thy peace, or of mine honestie Ile buy an halfe penie purse with thee.

Dro. Indeed thats big ynough to put thy honestie in, but come, shall we go about the matter?

Lu. Now it is come to the pinch my heart pants.

Half. I for my part am resolute, *in vtramque paratus*, readie to die or to runne away.

Lu. But heere me, I was troubled with a vile dreame, and therefore it is little time spent to let mother *Bombie* expound it, she is cunning in all things.

Dro. Then will I know my fortune.

Rix. And Ile aske for a siluer spoone which was lost last day, which I must pay for.

Ri. And Ile know what will become of our deuises.

Half. And

Mother Bombie.

Hal. And I.

Dro. Then let vs all go quickly, we must not sleep in this businesse, our maisters are so watchfull about it.

Bom. Why do you rap so hard at the doore?

Dro. Because we would come in.

Bom. Nay my house is no Innie.

Hal. Crosse your selues, looke how she lookes.

Marke her not, sheele turne vs all to Apes.

Bomb. What would you with me?

Ri. They say you are cunning, and are called the good woman of *Rocheſter*.

Bom. If neuer to do harme, bee to do good. I dare ſay I am not ill. But whats the matter?

Lu. I had an ill dreame, and deſire to know the ſignification. *Bom.* Dreames my ſonne haue their weight, though they bee of a troubled minde, yet are they ſignes of fortune. Saie on.

Lu. In the dawning of the day, for about that time by my ſtarting out of my ſleep, I found it to bee, me thought I ſaw a ſtately peece of beefe, with a cape cloke of cabidge, imbrodered with pepper, hauing two honourable pages with hats of muſtarde on their heades, himſelfe in great pompe ſitting vpon a cuſhion of white Brewiſh, l.nde with browne bread, me thought being powdred, he was much troubled with the ſalt rume, and therefore there ſtoode by him two great flagons of wine and beere, the one to drie vp his rume, the other to quench his cholar, I as one enuying his ambition, hungring and thirſting after his honour, beganne to pull his cuſhion from vnder him, hoping by that meanes to giue him a fall, and with putting out my hand I awakt, and found nothing in all this dreame about me but the ſalt rume.

Mother Bombie.

Dro. A dreame for a butcher.

Lu. Soft let me end it, then / slumbred againe, and mee thought there came in a leg of mutton.

Dro. What all grosse meat? a racke had been dainie.

Lu. Thou fool, how could it come in? vnlesse it had bin a leg, me thought his hose were cut and drawne out with parllie, I thrust my hand into my pocket for a knife, thinking to hoxe him, and so awakt.

Bom. Belike thou wentst supperlesse to bed.

Lu. So I doo euer ie night but Sundaies, *Prisus* hath a weake stomacke, and therefore we must starue.

Bom. Well, taketh is for answere, though the dream be fantastical, they that in the morning sleepe dreame of eating, are in danger of sicknesse, or of beating, or shall heare of a wedding fresh a beating.

Lu. This may be true.

Half. Nay then let me come in with a dreame, short but sweete, that my mouth waters euer since I wakt. Mee thought there sate vpon a shelve three damaske prunes in veluet caps, and prest fatten gownes like Iudges; and that there were a whole handful of currants to be arraigned of a riot, because they clunged together in such clusters, twelue railons of the sunne were impannelled in a Iewrie, and as a leafe of whole mase which was Bailiffe, was carrying the quest to consult, me thought there came an angrie cooke, and gelded the Iewrie of their stones, and swept both Iudges, Iurers, rebels, and Bailiffe into a porrage pot, whereat I beeing melancholy, fetcht a deepe sigh, that wakt my selfe and my bedfellow.

Dro. This was deuilde not dreame, and the more foolish beeing no dreame, for that dreames excuse the fantasticalnesse.

Half. Then

Mother Bombie.

Half. Then aske my bed-fellow, you know him, who dreamt that night that the king of *Diamonds* was sicke.

Bom. But thy yeares and humours pretie childe, are subiect to such fancies, which the more vincible they seeme, the more fantasticall they are, therefore this dreame is easie. To children, this is giuen from the Gods to dream of milke, fruit, babies, and rods, they betoken nothing, but that wantons must haue rods.

Dro. Teno to one thy dreame is true, thou wilt bee swinged.

Rix. Nay Gammer, I pray you tell mee who stole my spoone out of the buttric?

Bom. Thy spoone is not stolne but mislaide, thou art an ill huswife, though a good maid, look for thy spoon where thou hadst like to be no maid.

Rix. Bodie of me let mee fetch the spoone, I remember the place.

Lu. Soft swift, the place if it be there now, will be there to morrow.

Rix. I but perchance the spoone will not.

Half. Wert thou once put to it?

Rix. No sir boy, it was put to me.

Lu. How was it mist?

Dro. Ile warrant for want of a mist. But whats my fortune mother?

Bom. Thy father doth liue because he doth die, thou hast spent all thy thrift with a die, and so like a begger thou shalt die.

Ri. I I would haue likt well if all the gerundes had been there; *di, do, and dum*, but all in die, thats too deadly.

Dro. My

Mother Bombie.

Dro. My father indeed is a *Diar*, but I haue been a *dicer*, but to die a beggar, giue mee leaue not to belecue mother *Bombie*, and yet it may bee. I haue nothing to liue by but knauerie, & if the world grow honest, welcome beggerie. But what hast thou to say *Risio*?

Ri. Nothing, till I see whether all this bee true that shee hath said.

Half. I, *Risio* would faine see thee beg.

Ri. Nay mother tell vs this, what is all our fortunes, we are about a matter of legerdemaine, how will it fodge?

Bom. You shall all thrue like coosoners, that is, to bee coosoned by coosoners: all shall end well, and you be found coosoners.

Dro. Gramercie mother *Bombie*, we are all pleas'd, if you were for your paines.

Bom. I take no mony, but good words, raile not if I tell true, if I do not reuenge. Farewell. *Exit Bom.*

Dro. Now haue wee nothing to do, but to go about this businesse. *Accius* apparrel let *Candius* put on, and I wil array *Accius* with *Candius* cloathes.

Ri. Here is *Silena*s attire, *Lucio* put it vpon *Liuisa*, & giue me *Liuias* for *Silena*: this done, let *Candius* and *Liuisa* come forth, and let *Dromio* and me alone for the rest.

Halfe. What shall become of *Accius* and *Silena*?

Dro. Tush, their turne shall be next, al must be done orderly, lets to it, for now it workes. *Exeunt.*

A& 4.

Scē. I.

Candius. Liuisa. Dromio. Risio. Sperantus. Prifus.

Lin. This attire is verie fit. But how if this make mee a foole, and *Silena* wise, you will then woome, and wed her.

Can. Thou knowest that *Accius* is also a foole, and his raiment fits me: so that if apparrell be infectious, I am also like
to

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to be a foole, and he wist what would bee the conclusion,
I maruell.

Enter Dromio, Rasio.

Li. Here comes our Councillors.

Dro. Well said, I perceiue Turtles flie in couples.

Ri. Else how should they couple?

Lin. So do knaues go double, else how should they bee
so cunning in doubling?

Can. *Bona verba Linia.*

Dro. I vnderstand Latin, that is, *Linia* is a good word.

Can. No, I bid her vse good words.

Ri. And what deeds?

Can. None but a deed of gift.

Ri. What gift?

Can. Her heart.

Dro. Giue me leaue to pose you though you be a gradu-
ate, for I tell you, wee in *Rocheſter* spur so many hackneys;
that we must needs spurre schollers, for wee take them for
hackneys. *Lin.* Why so sir boy?

Dro. Because I knew two hired for ten groats a peece to
saie seruice on *Sundaie*, and thats no more then a post horse
from hence to *Canterburie*.

Ri. Hee knowes what he saies, for hee once serued the
Post-maister.

Can. Indeede I thinke hee serued some poast to his Mai-
ster, but come *Dromio* post me.

Dro. You say you would haue her heart for a deed.

Can. Well.

Dro. If you take her heart for *cor*, that heart in her body,
then know this: *Male eius leuibus, Cor enim inuiolabile telis*: A
womans heart is thrust throgh with a feather: if you mean
she should giue a heart named *Cernus*, then are you worse,
for *cornua cernus habet*, that is, to haue ones heart grow out
at his head, which will make one ake at the heart in their
bodie.

Enter Priſius, Sperantus.

F

Lin. I be-

Mother Bombie.

Liu. I beshrew your hearts, I heare one comming, I know it is my father by his comming.

Can. What must we do?

Dro. Why as I tolde you, and let me alone with the olde men, fall you to your bridall.

Pri. Come neighbour, I perceiue the loue of our children waxeth cold. *Spe.* I think it was neuer but luke warm.

Pri. Bauins will haue their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soone quenched as the other burnt, but who be these?

Can. Here I do plight my faith, taking thee for the staffe of my age, and of my youth my solace.

Liu. And I vow to thee affection which nothing can dissolue, neither the length of time, nor mallice of fortune, nor distance of place. *Can.* But when shall we be married?

Liu. A good question, for that one delay in wedding, bringeth an hundreth dangers in the Church, we will not bee askt, and a licence is too chargeable, & to tarrie till to morrow too tedious.

Dro. There's a girle stands on prickes till she be married.

Can. To auoyde danger, charge and tediousnesse, let vs now conclude it in the next Church. *Liu.* Agreed.

Pri. What be these that hasten so to marrie?

Dro. Marrie sir, *Accius* sonneto *Memphio*, and *Silena Stellios* daughter.

Spe. I am sorrie neighbour, for our purposes are disapoynted.

Pri. You see marriage is destinie, made in heauen, thogh consumated on earth.

Ri. How like you them, be they not a pretie couple?

Pri. Yes God giuethem ioy, seeing in spite of our hearts they must ioyne.

Dro. I am sure you are not angrie, seeing things past cannot be recalde, and beeing witnesses to their contract, will bee

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bee also welwiller to the match.

Spe. For my part I wish them well.

Pri. And I, and since there is no remedie, that I am glad of it.

Riu. But will you neuer hereafter take it in dudgeon, but vse them as well as though your selues had made the marriage?

Pri. Not I.

Spe. Nor I.

Dro. Sir, heere two olde men are glad that your loues so long continued, is so happily concluded.

Can. We thanke them, and if they wil come to *Memphios* house, they shall take part of a hard dinner. This cottons and workes like wax in a sowers eare.

Exeunt Candius, Liuia.

Pri. Well, seeing our purposes are prevented, wee must lay plots, for *Liuia* shall not haue *Candius*.

Spe. Feare not, for I haue sworne that *Candius* shall not haue *Liuia*. But let not vs fal out because our children fal in.

Pri. Wilt thou go soone to *Memphios* house?

Spe. I, and if you will let vs, that we may see how the yong couple bride it, and so we may teach our owne.

Exeunt.

Act. 4.

Sc. 2

Accius. Silena. Linco. Halspenie.

Lin. By this time I am sure the waggies haue plaide their parts, there rests nothing now for vs, but to match *Accius* and *Silena*.

Half. It was too good to be true. for wee should laugh heartily, and without laughing my spleene would split, but whist, here comes the man.

Enter Accius.

And yonder the maide, let vs stand aside.

Mother Bombie.

Enter Silena.

Acc. What meanes my father to thrust me forth in an other boies coate? He warrant tis to as much purpose as a hem in the forehead.

Hal. There was an ancient Prouerb knockt in the head.

Acc. I am almost come into my nonage, and yet I neuer was so farre as the proverbes of this cittie.

Liu. Theres a quip for the subburbes of *Rochester*.

Half. Excellently applied.

Sil. Well, though this furniture make me a fullen dame, yet I hope in mine owne I am no saint.

Half. A braue fight is like to be betweene a cocke with a long combe, and a hen with a long leg.

Siu. Nay, her wits are shorter then her legges.

Half. And his combe longer then his wit.

Ac. I haue yonder vncouered a faire girl, He be so bold as spur her, what might a bodie call her name?

Sil. I cannot help you at this time, I pray you come again to morrow. *Half.* I marie sir.

Acc. You need not bee so lustie, you are not so honest.

Sil. I crie you mercie, I tooke you for a ioynd stoole.

Liu. Heeres courting for a conduit or a bakehouse.

Sil. But what are you for a man? me thinkes you looke as please th God. *Ac.* What do you giue me the bootes?

Half. Whither will they, here be right coblers cuts.

Ac. I am taken with a fit of loue: haue you any mind of marriage? *Sil.* I had thought to haue askt you.

Ac. Vpon what acquaintance?

Sil. Who would haue thought it?

Ac. Much in my gascoins, more in my round hose, all my fathers are as white as daisies, as an egge full of mear.

Sil. And all my fathers plate is made of Crimson veluet.

Ac. Thats braue with bread.

Half. These three had wise men to their fathers.

Liu. Why?

Half. Be.

Mother Bombie.

Half. Because when their bodies were at worke about household-stuffe, their minds were busied about common-wealth matters.

Ac. This is pure lawne: What call you this, a pretie face to your haire?

Sil. Wisely you haue pickt a raifon out of a fraile of figs.

Ac. Take it as you list, you are in your owne cloathes.

Sil. Sauing a reuerence thats a lie, my cloaths are better, my father borrowed these.

Acc. Long may hee so do, I could tell that these are not mine, if I would blab it like a woman.

Sil. I had as liefse you should tell them it snowd.

Lu. Come let vs take them off, for we haue had the cream of them.

Half. Ile warrant if this be the creame, the milke is verie flat, let vs ioyne issue with them.

Lu. To haue such issue of our bodies, is worse then haue an issue in the bodie. God saue you pretie mouse.

Sil. You may command and go without.

Half. Theres glicke for you, let me haue my girde, on thy conscience tell me what it is a clocke?

Sil. I crie you mercie, I haue kild your cushion.

Half. I am paide and strooke dead in the neast, I am sure this soft youth, who is not halfe so wise as you are faire, nor you altogether so fair as he is foolish, wil not be so captious.

Ac. Your eloquence passe my recognoscence.

Enter Memphio, Stellio.

Lu. I neuer heard that before, but shall wee two make a match betweene you?

Sil. Ile know first who was his father.

Ac. My father, what need you to care, I hope hee was none of yours.

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Half. A hard question, for it is oddes but one begat them both, hee that cut out the vpper leather, cut out the inner, and so with one awle stich two soles together.

Mem. What is she? *Half.* Tis *Prisius* daughter.

Mem. In good time it fodges.

Ste. What is he? *Lin.* *Sperantus* sonne.

Stel. So twill cotten.

Ac. Damzel, I pray you how olde are you?

Mem. My sonne would scarce haue askt such a foolish question.

Sil. I shall bee eightene next beare-baiting.

Stel. My daughter would haue made a wiser answere.

Half. O how fitlie this comes off!

Acc. My father is a scolde, whats yours?

Mem. My heart throbs, I looke him in the face, and yonder I espie *Stellio*.

Stel. My mind misgiues me, but whist, yonder is *Mem.*

Ac. In faith I perceiue an olde sawe and a rustie, no foole to the olde foole. I pray you wherefore was I thrust out like a scar-crow in this similitude?

Mem. My sonne and I a shande, *Dromio* shall die.

Sil. Father, are you sneaking behinde, I pray you what must I do next?

Stel. My daughter, *Risio* thou hast cosoned me.

Lin. Now beginnes the game.

Mem. How came you hither?

Ac. Marie by the way from your house hither.

Mem. How chance in this attire?

Ac. How chance *Dromio* bid me?

Mem. Ah thy son will be begd for a conceald foole.

Ac. Will I, I faith sir no.

Stel. Wherefore came you hither *Silena* without leaue?

Sil. Because I did, and I am heere because I came.

Stel. Poore wench, thy wit is improoued to the vttermost.
Half. I,

Mother Bombie.

Half: I, tis an hard matter to haue a wit of the olde rent,
euerie one rackes his commons so high.

Mem: *Dromio* tolde mee that one should meete *Stellios*
daughter, and court her in person of my son, and pleade in
place of my daughter.

Mem: But alas I see that my sonne hath met with *Silena*
himselfe, and bewraide his follie.

Stel: But I see my daughter hath pratted with *Accius*, and
discouered her simplicitie.

Liu: A braue crie to heare the two olde mules to weepe
ouer the yong fooles.

Mem: *Accius*, how likest thou *Silena*?

Ac: I take her to be repugnant.

Sil: Trulie his talke is verie personable.

Stel: Come in girle, this geare must be fetcht about.

Mem: Come *Accius* let vs go in.

Liu: Nay sir, there is no harme done, they haue neither
bought nor solde, they may be winnes for their wits and
yeares.

Mem: But why diddest thou tell me it was *Prisius* son?

Half: Because I thought thee a foole, to aske who thine
owne sonne was.

Liu: And so sir for your daughter, education hath
done much, otherwise they are by nature soft witted
ynough.

Mem: Alas, their ioynts are not yet tied, they are not yet
come to yeares and discretion:

Ac: Father, if my hands be tied, shall I grow wise?

Half: I and *Silena* too, if you tie them fast to your tongues.

Sil: You may take your pleasure of my tongue, for it is no
mans wife.

Mem: Come in *Accius*.

Stel: Come in *Silena*, I will talke with *Memphios* sonne,
but as for *Risio*.

Mem: As

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Mem. As for *Dromio*. *Exeunt Memphid, Accius, Stellio, Si.*

Half. Ass for you all foure. *Enter Dromio, Rasio.*

Dro. How goes the world, now wee haue made all sure,
Candius and *Linia* are married, their fathers consenting, yet
not knowing.

Liu. Wee haue flat made all, *Accius* and *Silena* courted
one another, their fathers tooke them napping, both are a-
shamed, and you both shall be swinged.

Ri. Tush, let vs alone, wee will perswade them that all
faller out for the best, for if I vnderstand this match had
been concluded, they both had beene coosoned, and now
seeing they find both to be fooles, they may be both better
aduised. But why is *Halfepenie* so sad?

Enter Hackneyman, Sergeant.

Half. Because I am sure I shall neuer be a pennie.

Ri. Rather pray there be no fall of mony, for thou wilt
then go for a que.

Dro. But did not the two fooles currantly court one an
other?

Liu. Verie good wordes fittely applied, brought in the
nicke. *Serg.* I arrest you.

Dro. Me sir, why then didst not bring a stoole with thee,
that I might sit downe?

Hack. He arrests you at my sute for a horse.

Ri. The more asse he, if he had arrested a mare in stead of
an horse, it had been a slight ouersight, but to arrest a man
that hath no likenesse of a horse, is flat lunasie or alecie.

Hack. Tush, I hired him a horse.

Dro. I sweare then he was well ridden.

Hack. I thinke in two daies he was neuer baited.

Half. Why was it a beare thou ridst on?

Hack. I meane he neuer gaue him baite.

Liu. Why he tooke him for no fish.

Hack. I mistake none of you when I take you for fooles,
I say

Mother Bombie

I laiethou neuer gauest my horse meate.

Dro. Yes, in foure and fortie houres I am sure hee had a bottell of hay as big as his bellie.

Serg. Nothing else, thou shouldst haue giuen him pro- uender. *Ri.* Why he neuer askt any.

Hack. Why, doest thou thinke an horse can speake?

Dro. No, for I spurde him till my heeles akt, and he said neuer a word.

Hack. Well, thou shalt pay sweetlie for spoiling him, it was as lustie a nag as any in *Rochester*, and one that would stand vpon no ground.

Dro. Then hee is as good as euer hee was, Ile warrant heele do nothing but lie downe.

Hack. I lent him thee gently.

Dro. And I restored him so gently, that he neither wold crie wyhie, nor wag the taile.

Hack. But why didst thou boare him through the eares?

Liu. It may be he was set on the pillorie, because he had not a true pace. *Half.* No, it was for tiring.

Hack. He would neuer tire, it may bee hee would bee so wearie, he would go no further, or so.

Dro. Yes he was a notable horse for seruice, hee would tire, and retire.

Hac. Do you thinke Ile be iested out of my horse? Sergeant wreake thine office on him.

Ri. Nay, let him be bailde.

Hack. So he shall when I make him a bargaine.

Dro. It was a verie good horse I must needs confesse, and now hearken of his quallities, and haue patience to heare them, since I must pay for him. Hee would stumble three houres in one mile, I had thoght I had rode vpon addeces betweene this and *Canterburie*: if one gaue him water, why he would lie downe and bath himselfe like a hauke: if one ranne him, he would simper and mumpe, as thogh he had

Mother Bombie.

gon a wooing to a malt-mare at *Rochester*: he trotted before and ambled behinde, and was so obedient, that hee would do durie euerie minute on his knees, as thogh euerie stone had bin his father.

Hack. I am sure he had no diseases.

Dro. A little rume or pose, he lackt nothing but an handkercher.

Serg. Come, what a tale of a horse haue we heare, I cannot staie, thou must with me to prison.

Li. If thou bee a good hackneyman, take all our foure bonds for the paiment, thou knowest we are towne borne children, and will not shrink the cittie for a pelting iade.

Half. Ile enter into a statute Marchant to see it aunswere. But if thou wilt haue bonds, thou shalt haue a bushell full.

Hack: Alas poore ant, thou bound in a statute marchant: a browne threed will bind thee fast ynough: but if you will bee content all foure ioyntly to enter into a bonde, I will withdraw the action.

Dro. Yes Ile warrant they will. How saie you?

Half. I yeeld. *Ri.* And I. *Lin:* And I.

Hack. Well call the Scriuener.

Seg: Heeres one hard by, Ile call him.

Ri: A Scriueners shop hangs to a Sergeants mase, like a burr to a freeze coat. *Scri:* Whats the matter?

Hack: You must take a note of a bond.

Dro: Nay, a pinte of curtesie pulles on a pot of wine, in this Tauerne wee le dispatch.. *Hack:* Agreed. *Exeunt.*

Ri: Now if our wits beenot in the waine, our knauerie shall be at the full, they will ride them woorse then *Dromio* rid his horse, for if the wine maister their wits, you shall see them bleed their follies.

Exit.

Act. 5.

Sc. 8

Dro: Risio, Linceo, Halfpenie.

Dro: Euerie

Mother Bombie.

Dro: Euerie foxe to his hole, the hounds are at hand.

Ri: The Sergeants mase lies at pawne for the reckoning,
and he vnder the boord to cast it vp.

Liu: The Scriuener cannot keepe his pen out of the pot,
euerie goblet is an inkhorne.

Half: The hackneyman he whiskes with his wand, as if
the Tauerne were his stable, and al the seruants his horses,
ioft there vp, bay Richard, and white loaues are horsebread
in his eyes.

Dro. It is wel I heue my acquaintance, and he such bonds
as shall doo him no more good then the bond of a faggot,
our knaueries are now come to the push, & we must cunningly
dispatch all: wee two will go see how wee may appeale our maisters,
you two how you may conceale your late marriage, if all fall out amisse,
the woofst is beating, if to the best, the woofst is libertie. *Ri:* Then lets about it
speedilie, for so many yrons in the fire together require a diligent Plummer.

Exeunt.

Act. 5.

Sc. 2.

Vicina.

Bombie.

Vic. My heart throbbes, my eares tingle, my minde mis-
giues mee, since I heare some muttering of marriages in
Rochester, my conscience which these eighteen years haue
been frozen with this coniealed guiltinesse, begins now
to thawe in open greefe, but I wil not accuse my selfe till I
see more danger, the good old woman mother *Bombie* shal
trie her cunning vpon me, and if I perceiue my case is des-
perate by her, then will I rather preuent, although with
shame, then report too late, and be inexcusable. God speed
good mother. *Bom:* Welcome sister. *Vin:* I am troubled
in the night with dreams, and in the day with feares, mine
estate bare, which I cannot well beare, but my praetises
diuellish, which I cannot recall, if therefore in these same
yeares there be any deep skil, tell what my fortune shal be,
and what my fault is.

G 2

Bom: In

Mother Bombie.

Bom. In studying to be ouernaturall, thou art like to bee vnnaturall, and all about naturall: thou shalt bee eased of a charge, if thou thy conscience discharge, and this I commit to thy charge.

Vic. Thou hast toucht me to the quick mother, I vnderstand thy meaning, and thou well knowest my practise, I will follow thy counsell. But what will be the end?

Bom. Thou shalt know before this daie end. Farewell.

Exit. Bom.

Vic. Now I perceiue I must either bewraie a mischise, or suffer a continuall inconuenience, I must haue homewards, and resolue to make all whole, better a litle shame, than an infinit greefe, the straungenesse will abate the fault, and the bewraying, wipe it cleane away

Exit.

Act. 5.

Sc. 3.

Three Fiddlers. Synis. Nasutus. Bedunenus.

Syn. Come fellowes, tis almost daie, let vs haue a fitte of mirth at *Sperantus* dore, and giue a song to the bride.

Nas. I beleue they are a sleep, it were pittie to awake the.

Bed. T were a shame they should sleepe the first night.

Syn. But who can tell at which house they lie, at *Prisus* it may be, wee le trie both.

Na. Come lets drawe like men.

Syn. Now, tune, tune I say, that boy I thinke will neuer profit in his facultie, he looses his roson, that his fiddle goes cuth, cuth, like as one should go wet shod, and his mouth so drie, that he hath not spittle for his pinne as I haue.

Bed. Marie sir you see I go wet shod & drie mouthd, for yet could I neuer get new shooes or good drinke, rather than I le lead this life, I le throw my fiddle into the leads for a hobler.

Syn. Boy, no more words, there is time for all things, though I say it, that should not, I haue bin a minstrell these thirtie years, and tickled more strings than thou hast hairs, but yet was neuer so misvsed.

Nas. Let

Mother Bombie.

Nas. Let vs not brabble but play, to morrow is a new day.

Bed. I am forrie I speake in your cast, what shall we sing?

Syn. The loue knot, for thats best for a bridal. Sing. God morrow faire bride, and send you ioy of your bridall.

Sperantus looks out.

Spe. What a mischiete make the twangers here? we haue no trenchers to scrape, it makes my teeth on edge to heare such grating. Get you packing, or Ile make you wear dubble stockes, and yet you shall be neuer the warmer.

Syn. We come for goodwill, to bid the Bride and Bridegroom God giue them ioy.

Spe. Heres no wedding.

Syn. Yes, your sonne and *Prisus* daughter were married, thogh you seem strange, yet they repent it not I am sure.

Spe. My son villaine, I had rather he were fairely hanged.

Nas. So he is sir, you haue your wish. *Enter Candius.*

Can. Heere fiddlers takethis, and not a word, heere is no wedding, it was at *Memphios* house, yet gramercie, your musick, though it mist the house, hit the minde, we were a preparing our wedding geare.

Syn. I crie you mercie sir, I thinke it was *Memphios* son that was married.

Oho, the case is altered, go thither then, and be haltered for me. *Nas.* Whats the almes? *Syn.* An Angell.

Bed. Ile warrant thers some worke towards, ten shillings is mony in Maister Maiors purse.

Syn. Let vs to *Memphios* and share equally, when wee haue done all, thou shalt haue new shooes.

Bed. I, such as they crie at the Sizes, a marke in issues, and marke in issues, and yet I neuer sawe so much lether as would peece my shooes.

Syn. No more, thers the mony.

Bed. A good handsell, and I thinke the maiden-head of your liberalitie.

Mother Bombie.

Nas: Come heres the house, what shall we sing?

Lyn: You know *Memphio* is verie rich and wise, & therefore let vs strike the gentle stroke, and sing a catch, sing.

Nas: God morrow Mistresse Bride, and lend you a huddle.

Mem: What crouding kuaues haue we there, case vppe your fiddles, or the cunstable shall cage you vp. What bride talke you of?

Syn: Heres a wedding in *Rocheſter*, and twas told mee firſt, that *Sperantus* ſon had married *Prifius* daughter, wee were there, and they ſent vs to your Worſhip: ſaying, your ſon was matched with *Stellios* daughter.

Mem: Hath *Sperantus* that churle nothing to do but mock with his neighbours, Ile be euen with him, and get you gone, or I ſweare by the roodes bodie, Ile lay you by the heeles.

Nas: Sing a catch, heres a faires catch indeed, ſing till we catch cold on our ſeet, and bee calde knaue till our eares glowe on our heads, your worſhip is wiſe ſir.

Mem: *Dromio* ſhake off a whole kennel of officers, to puniſh theſe iarring tongues, Ile teach them to ſtretch their dried ſheepes guttes at my doore, and to mocke one that ſtands to be Maior.

Dro: I had thought they had been ſticking of pigges, I heard ſuch a ſqueaking, I go ſir.

Syn: Let vs be packing.

Nas: Where is my ſcabbard, euerie one ſheath his ſcience.

Bed: A bots on the ſhoemaker that made this boot for my fiddle, tis too ſtraight.

Syn: No more words, I will bee thought they were the foure waites, and let them wring, as for the waggies that ſet vs on worke, wee le talke with them.

Exeunt.

Memphio,

Mother Bombie.

Memphio, Dromio. *Dro:* They be gone sir.

Mem: If they had stayed, the stockes should haue staied them. But sirra, what shall we now do?

Dro: As I aduise you make a match, for better one house be cumbred with two fooles then two.

Mem: Tis true, for it beeing bruted that each of vs haue a foole, who will tender marriage to any of them that is wise, besides, fooles are fortunate, fooles are faire, fooles are honest.

Dro: I sir, and moe then that, fooles are not wise: a wise man is melancholie for moone-shine in the water, carefull building castles in the aire, and commonly bath a foole to his heire.

Mem: But what sayest thou to thy dames chafing?

Dro: Nothing but all her dishes are chafing-dishes.

Mem: I would her tongue were in thy bellie.

Dro: I had as lief she haue a rawe neates tongue in my stomacke.

Mem: Why?

Dr: Marie if the clapper hang within an inch of my heart, that makes mine eares burne a quarter of a mile off. Do you not thinke it would beate my heart blacke and blew?

Mem: Well patience is a vertue, but pinching is woorse than any vice, I will breake this matter to *Stellio*, and if hee be willing, this day shall be their wedding.

Dro: Then this daie shall be my libertie.

Mem: I if *Stellios* daughter had beene wise, and by thy meanes coosoned of a foole.

Dro: Then sir I hereuolt, and dash out the braines of your deuises.

Mem: Rather thou shalt be free.

Exeunt.

Sperantus, Halsepenie, Prifius, Lincio.

Spe: Boy, this smoake is token of some fire, I like not the lucke of it. Wherefore should these Minstrels dreame of a marriage?

Half: Alas

Mother Bombie.

Half. Alas sir, they rustle into euerie place, glue credit to no such words.

Lpe. I will to *Prisius*, I cannot be quiet, and in good time I meete him. God morrow neighbour.

Pri. I cast the morrow in thy face, and bid good night to all neighbourhood.

Spe. This is your olde tricke, to pick ones purse, & then to picke quarrels: I tell thee, I had rather thou shouldst rob my cheft, than imbesell my sonne.

Pri. Thy sonne, my daughter is seduced, for I heare say she is married, and our boies can tell. How sayest thou, tell the truth or Ile grinde thee to powdred in my mill, Be they married?

Liu. True it is, they were both in a Church.

Pri. Thats no fault, the place is holy.

Half. And there was with them a Priest.

Spe. Why what place fitter for a Priest than a Church?

Liu. And they tooke one another by the hand.

Pri. Tush, thats but common curtesie.

Half. And the Priest spake many kinde words.

Spe. That shewed he was no dumbe Minister. But what saide they, diddest thou heare any words between them?

Liu. Faith there was a bargaine during life, and the clock cried, God giue them ioy.

Pri. Villaine they be married.

Half. Nay I thinke not so.

Spe. Yes, yes, God giue you ioy is a binder, Ile quickly be resolved, *Candius* come forth.

Enter Candius.

Pri. And Ile be put out of doubt. *Liuia* come foorth.

Liuia.

Spe. The miche hangs downe his head.

Pri. The

Mother Bombie.

Pri. The baggage begins to blush.

Half. Now begins the game.

Lin. I beleue it will be no game for vs.

Spe. Are you married young maister?

Can. I cannot denie it, it was done so lately.

Spe. But thou shalt repent, it was done so soone.

Pri. Then tis bootlesse to aske you *Linia*.

Lin. I, and needlesse to be angry.

Pri. It shall passe anger, thou shalt finde it rage:

Lin. You gaue your consent.

Pri. Impudent giglot, was it not inough to abuse me,
but also to belie me?

Can. You sir agreed to this match.

Spe. Thou brazen face boy, thinkest thou by learning to
perswade me to that which thou speakest. Where did I cō-
sent, when, what witnesse?

Can. In this place yesterday before Dromio and Risio.

Pri. I remember we heard a contract between *Memphios*
sonne and *Stellios* daughter: and that our good wills being
asked which needed not, we gaue them, which booted
not.

Can. Twas but the apparell of Accius and Silena, wee
were the persons.

Pri. O villany not to be borne, Wast thou priuie to this
practise?

Lin. In a manner.

Pri. Ile pray thee after a manner.

Spe. And you oate meale groate, you were acquainted
with this plot. *Half.* Accessarie as it were.

Spe. Thou shalt be punished as principall: here comes
Memphio and *Stellio*, they belike were priuie, and all their
heads were laide together to grieue our hearts.

Enter Memphio, Stellio.

Mem. Come *Stellio*, the assurance may be made to mor-

H

- row,

Mother Bombie.

row, and our children assured to day.

Stel. Let the conueyance run as we agreed.

Pri. You conuey cleanly indeed, if cosonage be cleane dealing, for in the apparrell of your children you haue conuaid a match between ours, which grieues vs not a litle.

Mem. Nay in the apparrell of your children, you haue discovered the folly of ours, which shames vs ouermuch.

Stel. But tis no matter, though they be fooles, they are no beggers.

Spe. And though ours be disobedient, they be no fooles.

Dro. So now they tune their pipes.

Ri. You shall heare sweete musicke betweene a hoarse rauē and a schritch owle.

Mem. Neighbours let vs not vary, our boyes haue plaid their chearing partes, I suspected no lesse at the Tauerne, where foure foure knaues met together.

Ri. If it were knauery for foure to meete in a Tauerne, your wor. wot wel there were other foure.

Stel. This villaine cals vs knaues by craft.

Lin. Nay truly, I dare sweare he vsed no craft, but means plainly.

Spe. This is worse, come *Half.* tel truth & scape the rod.

Half. As good confesse here being trust, as at home with my hose about my heeles.

Dro. Nay I letell thee, for twil neuer become thee to vtter it.

Mem. Wel out with it.

Dro. Memphio had a foole to his sonne, which Stellio knew not, Stellio a foole to his daughter, vnknowne to Memphio, to coosen ech other, they dealt with their boies for a match, we met with Lincio and Halfpenie, who tolde the loue betweene their masters children, the youth deeply in loue, the fathers vnwitting to consent.

Ri. Ile take the tale by the ende, then wee foure met,
which

Mother Bombie.

which argued we were no mountaines, and in a Tauerne we met, which argued we were mortall, and euerie one in his wine tolde his daies worke, which was a signe we forgot not our businesse, and seeing all our maisters troubled with deuises, we determined a litle to trouble the water before they drunk, so that in the attire of your children, our maisters wise children bewrayed their good natures, and in the garments of our maisters children yours made a marriage, this all stood vpon vs poore children, and your young children, to shewe that old folkes may be ouertaken by children.

Pri. Heres a children indeed, Ile neuer forget it.

Mem. I wil, Accius come forrh.

Stel. I forgiue all, Silena come forth.

Spe. Neighbor, these things cannot be recald, therefore as good consent, seeing in all our purposes also we mist the marke, for they two wil match their children.

Pri. Wel of that more anone, not so suddenly, least our vngratious youths think we dare do no other, but in truth their loues stirs vp nature in me.

Mem. Come Accius, thou must be married to Silena. How art thou minded?

Acc. What for euer & euer? *Mem.* I Accius, what else?

Ac. I shal neuer be able to abide it, it wil be so tedious.

Stel. Silena thou must be betrothed to Accius, and loue him for thy husband.

Sil. I had as liefse haue one of clouts.

Stel. Why Silena?

Si. Why looke how he lookes.

Acc. If you wil not another wil.

Sil. I thanke you for mine old cap.

Acc. And if you be so lustie, lend me two shillings.

Pri. We are happie, we mist the foolish match.

Mem. Come, you shall presently be contracted.

Mother Bombie.

Dro. Contract their wits no more, they be shrunke close
alreadie.

Acc. Wel father heeres my hand, strike the bargaine.

Si. Must he lie with me?

Stel. No Silena, lie by thee.

Acc. I shal giue her the humble-bees kisse.

Enter Vicinia.

Vici. I forbid the banes.

Ri. What doest thou thinke them rattes, and fearest they
shall be poysoned?

Mem. You Vicina, wherefore?

Vic. Hearken, about eightene yeares ago, I nursed thee a
sonne Memphio, and thee a daughter Stellio.

Stel. True. *Mem.* True.

Vic. I had at that time two children of mine owne, and
being poore, thought it better to chaunge them then kill
them, I imagined it by deuce I could thrust my children
into your houses, they would be well brought vp in their
youth, and wisely prouided for in their age, nature wrought
with me, and when they were weaned, I sent home mine
in sted of yours, which hitherto you haue kept tenderly as
yours: growing in yeares I founde the children I kept at
home to loue dearly, at first like brother and sister, which I
reioyced at, but at length too forward in affection, which
although inwardly I could not mislike, yet openly I seemed
to disallow: they increased in their louing humors, I ceased
not to chastise the for their loose demeanors, at last it came
to my eares, that my son that was out with *Memphio* was a
foole, that my daughter with *Stellio* was also vnwise, & yet
being brother and sister, there was a match in hammering
betwixt them.

Mem. What monstrous tale is this?

Stel. And I am sure incredible.

Spe. Let

Mother Bombie.

Spe. Let her end her discourse.

Acc. He neuer belecue it.

Mem. Hold thy peace.

Vic. My very bowels earned within me, that I should be author of such vilde incest, an hinderance to lawfull loue, I went to the good olde woman *Mother Bombie*, to know the euent of this practise, who told me, this day I might preuent the danger, and vpon submission escape the punishment: hither I am come to claime my childre, thogh both fooles, and to deliuer yours both liuing.

Mem. Is this possible, how shall we beleue it?

Stel. It cannot sinke into my head.

Vic. This tryall cannot faile, your sonne *Memphio* had a mole vnder his eare, I framed one vnder my chilles eare by Art, you shall see it taken away with the iuyce of mandrage, behold now for your sons, no hearbe can vndo that nature hath don. Your daughter *Stellio* hath on her wrist a moale, which I counterfeited on my daughters arme, & that shall you see taken away as the other. Thus you see I do not dissemble, hoping you wil pardon me, as I haue pittied them.

Mem. This is my sonne. O fortunate *Memphio*!

St. This is my daughter more then thrice happie *Stellio*!

Mast. How happie is *Mæstius* thou blessed *Serena*, that being neither children to poore parents, nor brother & sister by nature, may enioy their lone by consent of parents and nature.

Acc. Soft, He not swap my father for all this.

Si. What do you thinke He be coosned of my father, me thinkes I should not. *Mother Bombie* tolde me my father knew me not, my mother bore me not, falsly bred, truly begot, a bots on *Mother Bombie*.

Dro. *Mother Bombie* told vs we shuld be found coosners, and in the end be coosned by coosners: welfare *Mother Bom.*

Mother Bombye.

Ri. I heard Mother *Bombye* say, that thou shalt die a beggar, beware of Mother *Bomby*.

Pri. Why haue you all bene with Mother *Bomby*?

Lin. All, and as far as I can see, foretold all.

Mem. Indeed she is cunning and wise, neuer dooing harme, but stil practising good, seeing these things fall out thus, are you content *Stellio* the match go forward?

Stel. I, with double ioy, hauing found for a foole a wise maide, and finding between them both exceeding loue.

Pri. Then to ende all iars, our childrens matches shall stand with our good liking, *Liui*a enioy *Candius*.

Spe. *Candius* enioy *Liui*a.

Can. How shall wee recompence fortune, that to our loues hath added our parents good wills?

Mast. How shal we requite fortune, that to our loues hath added lawfulnessse, and to our poore estate competent liuing?

Mem. *Vicina* thy fact is pardoned, though the law wold see it punishr, we be content to keepe *Silena* in the house with the new married couple.

Stel. And I do maintaine *Accius* in our house.

Vici. Come my children, though fortune hath not prouided you lands, yet you see you are not destitute of frends, I shal be eased of a charge both in purse and conscience, in conscience, haue reuealed my lewde practise: in purse, hauing you kept of almes.

Acc. Come, if you be my sister, tis the better for you.

Sil. Come brother, me thinkes its better then it was, I should haue bene but a balde bride, Ile eate as much pie as if I had bene married.

Memp. Lets also forgive the knauerie of our boyes, since all turnes to our good haps.

Stel. Agreed, all are pleased now the boyes are vnpu-
nished.

Enter

Mother Bombie.

Enter Hackneyman, Sergeant, Scrivener.

Hack. Nay soft, take vs with you, and seeke redresse for our wrongs, or weele complain to the Maior.

Pri. Whats the matter?

Hack. I arrested Memphios boy for an horse after much mocking, at the request of his fellow waggess, I was content to take a bond ioyntly of them all, they had me into a Tauerne, there they made me, the Scriuener, and the Sergeant, drunke, pawnde his mase for the wine, and scald me an obligation nothing to the purpose, I pray you reade it.

Memp. What wags be these? Why by this bonde you can demaund nothing, and things done in drinke, may be repented in sobernesse, but not remedied.

Dro. Sir, I haue his acquittance, let him sue his bond.

Hack. Ile crie quittance with thee.

Ser. And I, or it shall cost me the laying on freely of my mase.

Scri. And Ile giue thee such a dash with a pen as shal cost thee many a pound, with such a *Nouerint* as cheap side can shewe none such.

Half. Do your worst, our knaueries will reuenge it vpon your childrens children.

Mem: Thou boy, we will paie the hire of the horse, be not angrie, the boyes haue bene in a merrie cousoning vaine, for they haue serued their maisters of the same sort, but all must be forgotten, now al are content but the poore fidders, they shall bee sent for to the marriage and haue double fees.

Dro. You need no more send for a fidler to a feast, than a begger to a faire.

Stel. This day we will feast at my house.

Mem: To morrow at mine.

Pri. The next day at mine.

Spe.

Mother Bombie.

Spe. Then at mine the last, and euen so spend this weeke
in good cheere.

Dra. Then wee were best be going whilest euery one is
pleased, and yet these couples are not fully please, till the
priest haue done his worst.

Ri. Come Sergeant, weele tosse it this weeke, and make
thy mase arrest a boild capon.

Ser. No more words at the wedding: if the maior should
know it, I were in danger of mine office.

Ri. Then take heed how on such as we are, you shew a
cast of your office.

Half. If you mace vs, weele pepper you.

Ac. Come sister, the best is, wee shall haue good cheere
these foure daies.

Lin. And be fooles for euer.

Si. Thats none of our vpseekings.

F I N I S.



